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**WILL T. WILLIAMS, M. D.**  
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**W. T. KIMBALL, M. D.**  
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Room 3, Sheridan Building. Entrance from  
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**DENTIST.**  
Room 3, Sheridan Building. Entrance from  
SILVER CITY, N. M.

**Societies.**  
**T. O. D. F.**  
James J. Bledsoe, Encampment No. 1,  
meets the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each  
month. Visiting patriots cordially invited.  
J. J. KELLY, Sec'y.  
**T. O. D. F.**  
Isaac N. Tiffany Lodge, No. 13, meets at  
Odd Fellows' hall over post-office, Saturday  
evening. Members of the order cordially invited  
to attend. J. M. FRITZER, N. G.  
C. L. DOTSON, Sec.

**T. O. D. F.**  
San Vicente Lodge, No. 8, meets every  
Monday night at Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting  
brothers invited. W. L. OWENS, N. G.  
M. H. MARSH, Sec.

**P. A. M.**  
Silver City Chapter, No. 2, of Masons  
hall, over post-office, Thursday  
evening. Members of the order cordially invited  
to attend. M. V. COX, H. P.  
N. W. LUGAN, Sec.

**P. A. M.**  
Silver City Lodge, No. 4, meets at Masonic  
hall, opposite Timmer House, the Thursday  
evening. Members of the order cordially invited  
to attend. A. H. MARLER, W. M.  
HARRY W. LUGAN, Sec.

**K. O. P.**  
Meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesday nights  
8 o'clock, at Masonic hall. Visiting  
brothers cordially invited. J. M. FRITZER, M. W.  
H. W. LUGAN, Sec.

**Churches.**  
**M. E. CHURCH.**  
Services at the church, Broadway, near  
the Court House, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and  
7 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Pastor,  
Rev. W. B. FITCH, A. M., Pastor.

**CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.**  
Held in the Episcopal Mission room. Ser-  
vices every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sun-  
day school at 9 a. m. Pastor and pastor  
A. H. MARLER.

**Miscellaneous.**  
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Real Estate, Mining, Loan and Collection Agent.  
Office on Main Street.  
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

**Notary Public.**  
Office in Silver City National Bank.  
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**HARRY W. LUGAN,**  
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The Best Place in the City to Get  
a nice hot shave or a good bath.  
Broadway, Below Bullard St.

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Horticulturist and Landscape  
GARDENER.  
Best References Furnished.  
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414 Lawrence Street,  
DENVER, COLORADO.

**Mrs. O. E. Colby,**

**Milliner & Dress Maker**

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Altering,  
And Repairing Clothes.  
Back of Dr. Bailey's drug store,  
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**SOUTHERN HOTEL**  
DAVID ABRAHAM, Prop.,  
FURNISHED ROOMS. BATHS FREE.

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OILS, LAMPS,  
GLASSWARE.  
Lubricating and Coal Oil  
a specialty.  
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

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GREATEST ONE MARK-  
ET IN THE WORLD.  
GOLD, SILVER, COP-  
PER AND LEAD ORES  
SAMPLED AND SOLD  
TO HIGHEST BIDDERS.  
DENVER, COLO.

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**Elephant Corral,**  
ALEXANDER & FARNSWORTH, Props.

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**HORSES BOUGHT, SOLD AND TRADED.**  
Main Street, Silver City, New Mexico.

**A ROSE GARDEN FOR \$1**  
12 FINE ROSE PLANTS. Your selection from 100  
Standard Varieties, post-paid.  
Our Catalogue of Plants and Floral Novelties for '93 is now ready, also  
booklet telling how to be successful with Garden and House Plants.  
THIS BOOKLET TELLS HOW TO RAISE BIG GYPSYANTHEMUMS.  
SPECIALTY AND OUTLINES OF 1000 NEW PLANTS, AND OUR PRICES.  
25 GREENHOUSES  
40,000 SQ. FT. GLASS  
SOUTH DENVER FLORAL CO.  
HARRISON H. OWEN, MANAGER.  
P. O. BOX 875, SOUTH DENVER, COLO.

## JONES' MEAT MARKET

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FRESH AND SALT MEATS  
Always on Hand.  
SAUSAGE A SPECIALTY.

**O. K. RESTAURANT,**  
BULLARD STREET,  
2nd Floor South of Post-office Building.  
FONG GEM, Prop.

**EXCELLENT CUISINE.**

**PARLOR SALOON**  
J. H. WEBSTER, Prop.  
CENTRAL, NEW MEXICO.

**Choice Wines,  
Liquors and Cigars.**

**Private Club Room.**

**RESTAURANT**  
Open Day and Night.  
Good Meals at all hours.

**Dr. W. H. WHITE**  
DENTIST  
Gas administered for the painless extraction  
of teeth.

**Broadway Hotel,**  
SILVER CITY, N. M.  
Refurnished and renovated  
throughout. Neat and comfort-  
able rooms by the day, week or  
month. Terms very reasonable.  
Patronage solicited.  
MRS. D. B. DARLING, Proprietress.

**PARLOR SALOON,**  
Corner Broadway and Main  
Street.

**WINE, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.**  
JOHN CARSON PROPRIETOR.

**Laughing as a Medicine.**  
Persons suffering from rheumatism  
are naturally anxious to try every  
proposed remedy. John Raymond, of north-  
western Iowa, had tried without relief nearly  
every alleged cure suggested by friends.  
Then he read this in a medical journal:  
"There is more benefit in a good laugh  
than in the hot water remedies, the faith  
cures, the electric, and all other new  
treatments in the world, and it costs  
nothing. If you know of nothing else to  
laugh at, laugh at your neighbor."  
This was a new idea to poor Mr. Ray-  
mond. But what should he laugh at?  
In the house was nothing amusing.  
However, the medical journal said,  
"Laugh at your neighbor."  
He went out on the front porch, and  
sitting in a chair, watched the people on  
the streets. For a time he saw nothing  
funny. Then a big German walked by,  
muttering alone to himself.  
"Ha, ha, ha!" went Mr. Raymond.  
The big German stopped and looked.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"You've you saw, how, how, how!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Over the fence leaped the big German,  
his fists uplifted.  
"Oh!" cried Raymond, "I meant  
no harm. I was laughing for my  
health."  
"Und den you little sick Yankee  
laugh mit big Dutchman! Dot ish all  
right. Dot ish von good joke on me.  
Yes, yes, yes!"  
But Mr. Raymond, who really had not  
meant to be rude in the least, gave up  
the laugh cure, believing that the  
"joke" was on himself rather than on  
the good German.—Yonah's Companion.

## Ornaments for Dudes.

Bracelets and duds are the latest com-  
bination. The bigger the bracelet the  
bigger the dude—that is, the larger the  
circle the dude can keep upon his wrist  
without assuming the attitude of a man  
undergoing highway robbery the greater  
his claim to distinction is supposed.  
Twisted bands of silver wire, a half  
dozen, more or less, on each wrist, is the  
proper thing, though bands of gold,  
studded with brilliants, are occasionally  
worn. It is exceedingly "vulgar" to ex-  
pose these ornaments to public gaze on the  
streets.

They are only visible in the seclusion  
of the drawing room or the dude's own  
apartments. On going out the bracelets  
by a slight twist of the wrists are tucked  
under the cuffs, which must be extra  
large. To execute this movement grace-  
fully is a feat which seems to distinguish  
the real from the spurious swell.

"Oh, yes," said a State Street jeweler  
in answer to a question, "bracelets for  
men is a fad that is spreading rapidly.  
I struck Chicago a month ago, but the  
dudes have got it bad. We have done a  
rushing business in bracelets for the last  
ten days. Most of the fellows pretend  
they are buying for their sisters, but the  
solidarity they display in getting an ar-  
ticle that will just fit inside their cuffs  
gives them away. Dread of street gas-  
sins, I suppose, prompts them to keep  
their arms ornamented when out walk-  
ing."—Chicago News.

**Will Marry the Wolf He Rescued.**  
A doctor of divinity of high personal  
integrity and much respect in the de-  
nominational to which he belongs is about  
to marry a young lady to whom he has  
become attached under somewhat ro-  
mantic circumstances. The reverend  
gentleman, who is about sixty years of  
age, has devoted a great portion of his  
life to the rescue of poor boys and girls.  
Some twenty years ago or more he picked  
up a hungry, half clad, friendless fair  
bright-eyed little girl, and removed her  
to one of the homes of which he had  
oversight. The child was willing and  
eager to learn all that could be taught her.  
She developed in the course of years  
into an able and intelligent young woman,  
and in her turn became an instructress  
in the home to which she had been  
brought so many years before. She is  
still associated with the work, but she is  
engaged to marry the man who picked  
her, so to speak, from the gutter. Many  
of the reverend gentleman's friends have  
tried to persuade him against the mar-  
riage, but the doctor has the courage of  
his convictions as well as affections, and  
gave his hand, as he has given his  
heart, to the old pupil. She is about  
thirty years of age.—London Chronicle.

**The Bride Met Him Half Way.**  
A wedding took place in Cleveland  
Thursday noon under somewhat roman-  
tic circumstances when Colonel Oliver  
P. Johnson, of Washington, was married  
to Miss Rachel Owens, of Racine, Wis.  
The ceremony was at the home of the  
bride's sister, Mrs. Mary Neal. Colonel  
Johnson is a fine looking man of about  
fifty, with a military bearing, the Cleve-  
land dispatches set forth, and the bride  
is a handsome woman of twenty-eight.  
When they went to the court house to-  
gether to get the marriage license Col-  
onel Johnson remarked, "She is a brave  
little woman," and added: "This match  
is on the runaway order. She said she  
would meet me half way, so she traveled  
alone to Cleveland, and I came from  
Washington."

Then Colonel Johnson wrote the names  
and addresses of himself and his bride  
upon a piece of paper, headed them with  
the declaration, "very romantic," and  
left the note for the reporters.—Wash-  
ington Post.

**The Good Grip Saved Them.**  
When the morning train from Shenan-  
doah was approaching the ninety feet  
high trestle of the Pennsylvania railroad  
a mile above St. Clair, at a high rate of  
speed, the engineer was horrified at dis-  
covering two men ahead in the center of  
the structure. It was too late to stop  
the train, and as there is but a single  
track, the engineer, after reversing his  
engine, closed his eyes to shut out the  
sight of the two men, believing them  
hanged to the trestle before it stopped.  
When the two men, supposed to have  
been thrown into the ravine below, were  
seen walking along the trestling.  
They escaped death by hanging from the  
spans over which the train passed.—Cor.  
Philadelphia Record.

**A Life Work.**  
Mr. Sutherland got hold of a prodigious  
Clarendon and Burnet and made it  
the richest and most extensive pictorial  
history in existence or ever likely to be  
in existence. He found nearly 10,000  
prints and drawings for it and not less  
than 750 portraits of Charles I, 513 of  
Charles II, 323 of Cromwell, 273 of James  
II and 420 of William III. If, remarks  
Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, we only think  
how few are the portraits of Charles I,  
and these mostly copies after Van Dyck,  
we shall have an idea of the labor and  
exploration necessary to gather up the  
751. Think also of the pains and cost in  
cleaning, "laying down," "inspecting,"  
and "insulating" these portraits, the bind-  
ing, arranging, etc., and we shall not be  
surprised to learn that this fully occu-  
pied the famous Sutherland such a  
lengthy portion of his life.

When Sutherland, it filled 67 huge vol-  
umes and had cost \$12,000. We may  
conceive all the visitings of print shops,  
the turning over boxes of prints, the  
grovelling among winds and lanes, the  
correspondence and the endless paying  
of money. To give a finish to his labor  
a catalogue was prepared of all the en-  
gravings. This filled two great quartos.  
At Sutherland's death the work was car-  
ried on by his widow, who is reported to  
have given as much as \$20 for a single  
plate.—Temple Bar.

**The Consumption of Snuff in this country**  
is chiefly by dipping, and the bulk  
of the tobacco manufactured in this  
shape is consumed below Mason and Dis-  
son's line.

## Pat for Hair Heads.

Dr. John Egan, Reading's skin grafting  
specialist, who a year ago more gained  
considerable notoriety by successfully  
transplanting skin from the forehead of  
a colored man to the top of a white man,  
and who subsequently manufactured a  
dime museum freak by planting a flow-  
ing moustache upon the upper lip of a  
handsome young woman, is continuing  
his experiments in that direction. The  
doctor's latest achievement, performed  
with every evidence of success, is that  
of supplying a baldheaded man with a  
covering of hair that a football player  
might envy. The patient upon whom  
this operation was performed is Charles  
Muller, of Washington, and the subject  
from whom the material was drawn to  
cover the bare spot on the patient's head  
was a Mr. Gerstner.

Dr. Egan removed from the head of  
Gerstner a piece of scalp 14 inches wide  
by 24 inches long, well covered with  
hair, and replanted it upon the head of  
Muller. The soreness created by the  
removal of a portion of Gerstner's scalp  
is almost healed, the doctor having suc-  
cessfully drawn the lacerated scalp to-  
gether so as to almost remove all evi-  
dence of its removal with the exception of two  
small scars, which he purposely left  
with the view of further experiments.  
He will cover those spots with hair cov-  
ered skin taken from some animal, and  
upon the successful attachment of that  
transplanted animal skin upon the head  
of Gerstner depends the fate of the fu-  
ture baldheaded man.

If the doctor be successful the bald  
will no longer be compelled to hide their  
baldness under the old fashioned, un-  
comfortable wig, but can simply sur-  
render themselves to the doctor and have  
transplanted to their pate the covering  
of some other fellow who is willing to  
surrender his hair for a golden salve.—  
Philadelphia Record.

**A Little French is a Dangerous Thing.**  
Several American journals published  
a week's dispatch from Paris that might  
easily have been manufactured in New  
York, in which a coup d'etat, a military  
revolution and a state of siege, followed  
by possible executions, were all men-  
tioned, just as if one of the South Amer-  
ican republics were referred to. Instead  
of France in the year 1893.

We do wish to say anything dis-  
agreeable to the author of this correspon-  
dence, but perhaps he might do well to  
turn the terms used in political language  
when he said that the people feared "a  
coup d'etat on the part of the royalists  
against the republic" he evidently meant  
a coup d'etat, because a coup d'etat  
can only be made by an established gov-  
ernment. It is a violent measure to  
which the chief of state has recourse  
when he wishes, for example, to get rid  
of a troublesome legislature, as in the case  
of Louis Napoleon on the 2d of Decem-  
ber.

At the present time in France Presi-  
dent Carnot alone can make a coup  
d'etat, but the republic has nothing to  
fear from the grandson of the organizer  
of victory. As to a pretender like the  
Duc d'Orleans, all that he could attempt  
against the republic would be a coup le  
main similar to those which threw  
Charles X. and Louis XVIII. and more-  
over Louis Napoleon had perished in  
the army which is more than can be  
said of the Duc d'Orleans.—New York  
Courier des Etats Unis.

**Wild Horses in British Columbia.**  
In an area of about fifteen miles square  
below Trout creek there is estimated to  
be a band of at least 700 wild horses,  
which are not only eating off the range,  
but becoming a more direct source of  
loss to stock owners. As an instance of  
this it may be mentioned that a mare  
belonging to George Barclay and valued  
at \$150, together with a valuable filly  
were enticed into the band recently.

The government, so far, though sev-  
eral times petitioned, seems indisposed  
to tackle the wild horse question or give  
permission to settlers to shoot down these  
unfortunate caymans, thinking that  
they are all claimed by the Indians.

The Indians, however, are as much in-  
jured by them as the whites, and fre-  
quently shoot them down, though cer-  
tainly claiming some among them. All  
false sentiment should be put aside in a  
case of this kind and permission given  
for a general roundup by both whites  
and Indians, to get the place at stated  
dates. If this is allowed the wild horse  
fauna will be put an end to without cer-  
emony.—Victoria News.

**The Case of Persons Trying to Escape**  
from a prison is of rather common oc-  
currence, but too few of a man trying to  
force an entrance into one may be  
united. This, however, is what hap-  
pened last week at the Plötzensee prison  
near Berlin, where at night an individ-  
ual scaled the prison wall and safely  
landed in the yard. On being arrested  
he was found to be a former inmate.  
Come, as he said, to call upon a friend he  
had made during his involuntary se-  
jour.—American Register.

**Small Boy—**Mamma wants you to send  
her up two barrels of those apples she  
was looking at.  
Dealer—All right, sonny.  
"Say, couldn't you pour the two bar-  
rels into one big barrel?"  
"Eh? What for?"  
"Then she couldn't get it through the  
door of the lock closet."—Good News.

**A Little Soup Plate Found.**  
I hear a story, but cannot verify it, to  
the effect that, in clearing out her old  
house preparatory to moving to the new  
one, Mrs. Stevenson actually found the  
missing gold soup plate that has prevented  
her from asking more than 11 people  
to her state dinners. It was found, so  
she said, stuffed away down into the back  
of one of the great sofas that adorned the  
middle drawing or music room. It is  
surmised that one of the indigent for-  
givers whom she so willingly entertains  
of a Sunday night managed to slip it into  
his lap at dinner, then into the back of  
his waistcoat and eventually down the  
back of the sofa, whence he hoped to ex-  
tract it before going home. Followed in  
this, he left the valuable piece of plate in  
a hiding place to become the source of  
infinite annoyance to his hostess.—New  
York Recorder.

**Why Not Use Wind?**  
It seems singular to have the estab-  
lishment of the electric light on Mount  
Washington delayed by the lack of  
power when the cheapest and freest  
force of nature is so plentiful there that  
the buildings have to be climaxed down.  
What is the matter with a wind engine?  
—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

**Mrs. Mossman Was Petrified.**  
In June, 1884, Mrs. Abigail Mossman  
was interred at the Hazelwood cemetery  
in Poweshke county, Ia. Not long since  
relatives determined to remove the re-  
mains to another cemetery. The work-  
men engaged to perform the job found  
the coffin filled to overflowing with a red  
colored mineral water. This was drained  
off, whereupon it was found that the  
corse, with the exception of the fingers  
and toes, was perfectly petrified. The  
hair was perfectly natural, as was also  
a bouquet of roses that lay on her breast.  
After a thorough examination by re-  
latives and friends the coffin was again  
closed and covered in.—St. Louis Re-  
public.

**Little Girl—**I don't see why teachers  
has to be so mean.  
Aunt—What has yours done?  
Little Girl—In the 'economy lessons  
last term she asked me how many moons  
Jupiter had, and I said five, and she  
marked me a mis' cause the book said  
four. Now she says Jupiter really has  
five moons, and I wanted her to mark  
that mine off, and she wouldn't.—Good  
News.

## The Waverly Oaks.

The great oaks at Waverly, Mass., are  
survivals of an oak forest that must  
have existed in that region, according to  
the geologists and students of trees, as  
far back as the Tenth century. They  
bear every evidence of great age, and an  
oak tree in the neighborhood, now almost  
dismantled, with its great limbs lying  
on the ground and nearly all of its  
branches decayed, is the most venerable  
object in the line of trees that can prob-  
ably be displayed in New England. It  
is well worth a visit to Waverly just to  
see this venerable elm. It is immense in  
the size of its trunk, and its dignity in  
decay is very impressive. The dozen  
oak trees in the neighborhood are of the  
sort that attain a very great age and  
that maintain their virility unimpaired.

We know of only one other oak tree  
in New England that can be compared  
with them. That is located in Ipswich,  
and is larger and more venerable appar-  
ently than any of the Waverly oaks,  
and that and the Waverly oaks, we are  
glad to know, have been inspected by  
the state park commissioners and are  
likely to be preserved. It is worth one's  
while to see and study these majestic  
oaks. They are seen to great advantage  
in the winter, when their rugged limbs  
are bare and their immense strength is  
revealed, and in summer, when they are  
covered with foliage, they are objects of  
wonderful beauty.—Boston Herald.

**The Poetry of Shopping.**  
The poetry of shopping comes in with  
those shoppers who are starved for ex-  
citement, variety and beauty at home.  
It is not lawful; they have no right to do  
it; but they have no society to satisfy a  
hunger for the beautiful with jewels  
and fine dresses on others if not on  
themselves. They cannot afford the  
theaters; they go to the shops. They  
look at the lace and long; they go to  
the embroidery counters and fancy;  
they educate themselves in the  
matter of India shawls; they seek the  
silkroom, brilliant with gas lights and  
electric lights, and look at brocades fit  
for the court of a princess, at silks whose  
flamey scarlet burns in the illumina-  
tion, whose tender blue is the blue of  
spring daisies half robbed of rain, whose  
green is the breaking wave of the sea,  
whose violet is the hue of mountains far  
away in autumn mists, and they picture  
themselves or those they love robed and  
radiant in those tissues. And if the poor  
shopman is weary when they go away,  
they offer it as a token of proof, and  
they themselves are refreshed for a long  
season of further denial and renuncia-  
tion.—Harper's Bazar.

**A Medical Decision in 1715.**  
In 1715 a collar sifter having been  
stuffed at Jena, the medical faculty of  
the university decided that the cause  
was not the direct action of the devil,  
but a deadly gas. Thereupon Professor  
Loeschner, of the University of Witten-  
berg, entered a solemn protest, declaring  
that the decision of the medical faculty  
was "only a proof of the lamentable li-  
cense which has so taken possession of  
us, and which if we are not earnestly on  
our guard will finally turn away from  
us the blessing of God."—Dr. Andrew  
D. White in Popular Science Monthly.

**Strategy.**  
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her up two barrels of those apples she  
was looking at.  
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to her state dinners. It was found, so  
she said, stuffed away down into the back  
of one of the great sofas that adorned the  
middle drawing or music room. It is  
surmised that one of the indigent for-  
givers whom she so willingly entertains  
of a Sunday night managed to slip it into  
his lap at dinner, then into the back of  
his waistcoat and eventually down the  
back of the sofa, whence he hoped to ex-  
tract it before going home. Followed in  
this, he left the valuable piece of plate in  
a hiding place to become the source of  
infinite annoyance to his hostess.—New  
York Recorder.

**The Case of Persons Trying to Escape**  
from a prison is of rather common oc-  
currence, but too few of a man trying to  
force an entrance into one may be  
united. This, however, is what hap-  
pened last week at the Plötzensee prison  
near Berlin, where at night an individ-  
ual scaled the prison wall and safely  
landed in the yard. On being arrested  
he was found to be a former inmate.  
Come, as he said, to call upon a friend he  
had made during his involuntary se-  
jour.—American Register.

**Small Boy—**Mamma wants you to send  
her up two barrels of those apples she  
was looking at.  
Dealer—All right, sonny.  
"Say, couldn't you pour the two bar-  
rels into one big barrel?"  
"Eh? What for?"  
"Then she couldn't get it through the  
door of the lock closet."—Good News.

**A Little Soup Plate Found.**  
I hear a story, but cannot verify it, to  
the effect that, in clearing out her old  
house preparatory to moving to the new  
one, Mrs. Stevenson actually found the  
missing gold soup plate that has prevented  
her from asking more than 11 people  
to her state dinners. It was found, so  
she said, stuffed away down into the back  
of one of the great sofas that adorned the  
middle drawing or music room. It is  
surmised that one of the indigent for-  
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back of the sofa, whence he hoped to ex-  
tract it before going home. Followed in  
this, he left the valuable piece of plate in  
a hiding place to become the source of  
infinite annoyance to his hostess.—New  
York Recorder.

**Why Not Use Wind?**  
It seems singular to have the estab-  
lishment of the electric light on Mount  
Washington delayed by the lack of  
power when the cheapest and freest  
force of nature is so plentiful there that  
the buildings have to be climaxed down.  
What is the matter with a wind engine?  
—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

**Mrs. Mossman Was Petrified.**  
In June, 1884, Mrs. Abigail Mossman  
was interred at the Hazelwood cemetery  
in Poweshke county, Ia. Not long since  
relatives determined to remove the re-  
mains to another cemetery. The work-  
men engaged to perform the job found  
the coffin filled to overflowing with a red  
colored mineral water. This was drained  
off, whereupon it was found that the  
corse, with the exception of the fingers  
and toes, was perfectly petrified. The  
hair was perfectly natural, as was also  
a bouquet of roses that lay on her breast.  
After a thorough examination by re-  
latives and friends the coffin was again  
closed and covered in.—St. Louis Re-  
public.

**Little Girl—**I don't see why teachers  
has to be so mean.  
Aunt—What has yours done?  
Little Girl—In the 'economy lessons  
last term she asked me how many moons  
Jupiter had, and I said five, and she  
marked me a mis' cause the book said  
four. Now she says Jupiter really has  
five moons, and I wanted her to mark  
that mine off, and she wouldn't.—Good  
News.